But here without you ſhall be ſo receiu'd,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your owne good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health and faire deſires conſort your grace.

Kin. Thy owne wiſh wiſh I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La.Ro. Is the ſoule ſicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La.Ro. My Phyſicke ſayes I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye?

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife:

Boy. Now God ſaue thy life.

La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot ſtay thanks-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that ſame?

Boy. The heire of *Alanſon*, *Roſalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well.

Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?

Boy. A woman ſometime if you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light I deſire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her ſelfe,
To deſire that were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you ſir whoſe daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods bleſſing on your beard.

Boy. Good ſir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit Long.*

Boy. Not vnlike ſir, that may be.

Enter

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Ber. Is ſhe wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.

Ber. You are welcome ſir, adiew.

Boy. Farewell to me ſir, and welcome to you

La. Ma. That laſt is *Berowne*, the mery mad
Not a word with him, but a ieſt.

Boy. And euery ieſt but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was

La.Mn. Two hot ſheepes marie.
And wherefore not Ships:

Boy. No Sheepe (ſweet Lamb) vnleſſe we fe

La. You ſheep & I paſture: ſhall that finiſh

Boy. So you grant paſture for me?

La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My lips are no Common, though ſeu erall they

Boy. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be iangling but Gentl
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vſ
On *Nauar* and his Bookemen, for heere 'tis ab

Bo. If my obſeruation (which very ſeldom
By the hearts ſtill Rhetoricke, diſcloſed with e
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar is* infected.

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Louers in title affe

Prin. Your reaſon.

Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make there
To the Court of his eye, peeping through deſi
His heart like an Agot with your print impreſſ
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expreſſe
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee.
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye ſight to be,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele only looking on faireſt of faire: